

MARVEL

4

**PARENTAL
ADVISORY!
NOT FOR KIDS!**

BUNN
ROSANAS

Night of the Living Dead



NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEADPOOL

ZOMBIES. YOU SICK OF 'EM YET?

DEADPOOL SURE IS. IT'S ONE THING TO SEE THEM IN MOVIES, TV, AND COMICS. IT'S ANOTHER TO FIND THEY'VE OVERRUN THE WORLD, KILLING MOST OF THE PEOPLE AND ALL OF THE SUPER HEROES. ADD TO THAT THE UBER-CREEPY FACT THAT THESE ZOMBIES KEEP TALKING UNTIL THE BRAIN ROTS AWAY—"PLEASE KILL ME," "I'M SO SORRY I'M EATING YOU," "WAAAH, WAAAH,"—AND THEY'RE DOWNRIGHT OFF-PUTTING.

FOR A MINUTE THERE, IT LOOKED LIKE DEADPOOL MIGHT HAVE FOUND A PLACE TO SETTLE DOWN, A TOWN THAT HAD MADE IT THROUGH THE MADNESS RELATIVELY UNSCATHED. IT COULD'VE BEEN A SECOND CHANCE...HECK, IT ALREADY HAD BEEN FOR CLARENCE, THE FORMER A.I.M. AGENT, LIVING AMONG THE INNOCENT TOWNFOLK, WHOSE EXPERIMENTS WITH HEALING FACTORS LIKE DEADPOOL'S PROBABLY CAUSED THE EPIDEMIC IN THE FIRST PLACE.

IT ALSO LOOKED LIKE DEADPOOL'S HEALING FACTOR HAD STOPPED HIM FROM BEING TURNED BY A ZOMBIE BITE. LOOKS CAN BE DECEIVING. HIS HEALING FACTOR HELD OFF HIS ZOMBIFICATION FOR A WHILE, AND IT EVENTUALLY OVERPOWERED THIS Z-VIRUS AND TURNED HIM BACK TO NORMAL...BUT NOT BEFORE HE ZOMBIED OUT AND COMPLETELY DESTROYED THE TOWN THAT TOOK HIM IN.

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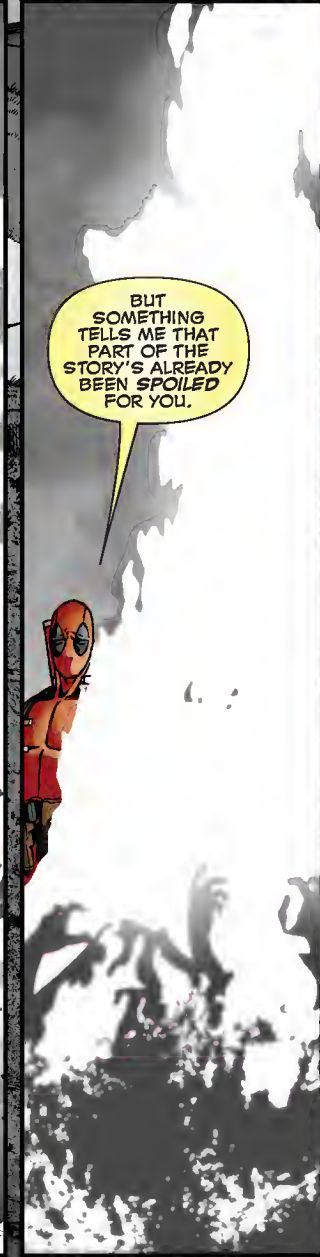
HELLO. I'M DEADPOOL.

AND I'M A RECOVERING FLESH-EATING CANNIBAL.



"HI, DEADPOOL!"

I GUESS THIS IS THE PART WHERE I OWN UP TO ALL THE PAIN AND MISERY THAT BEING TEMPORARILY UNDEAD AND...YOU KNOW...EATING PEOPLE... HAS CAUSED FOR ME AND FOR THE PEOPLE AROUND ME.



BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT PART OF THE STORY'S ALREADY BEEN SPOILED FOR YOU.




I WANT TO SAY IT'S NOT MY FAULT.

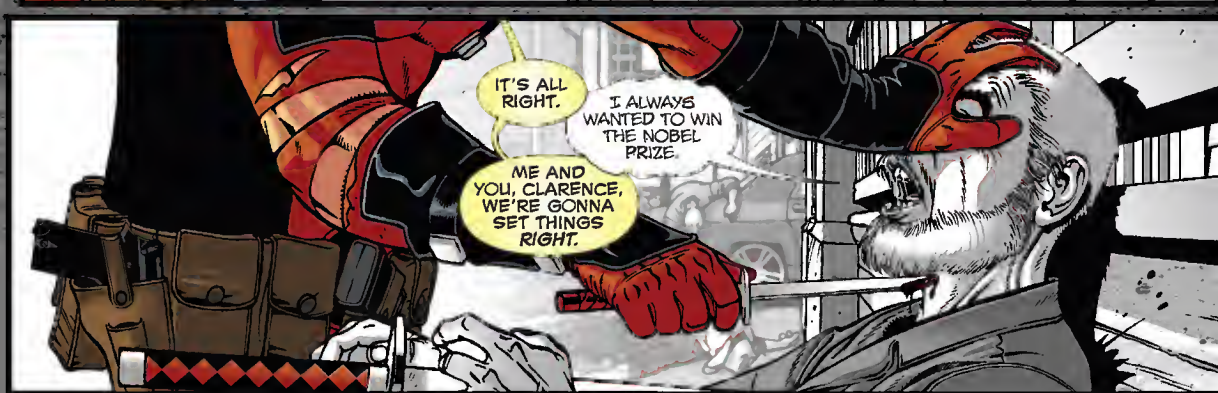
I MEAN, I THOUGHT MY HEALING FACTOR WOULD KEEP ME FROM GOING ALL...

...YOU KNOW...

"BRAINS"...



BUT I GUESS THE ONLY THING I SHOULD BE SAYING IS--



WE'RE
GONNA FIX THE
WHOLE WIDE
WORLD.

AND NO
BODY IS GONNA
STOP US!

GET
IT?

NO
BODY?

I GOTTA
MILLION OF
'EM!

YOU'D BE
SURPRISED HOW
OFTEN DECAPITATION
JOKES COME IN
HANDY IN MY LINE
OF WORK.

I WAS
GONNA WIN THE
NOBEL PRIZE.

YEAH,
SO YOU
SAID.

BUT I'M
PRETTY SURE
WORKING FOR
A TERRORIST
ORGANIZATION LIKE
A.I.M. PRECLUDES
YOU FROM
NOMINATION.

HERE'S WHAT
I'M CURIOUS
ABOUT...

YOU'RE JUST
A HEAD. YOU'VE
GOT NO LUNGS...
AND EVEN IF YOU
DID, YOU DON'T
BREATHE.

SO HOW IS
IT YOU'RE STILL
TALKING?

IF THIS IS
JUST ANOTHER
HALLUCINATION, I'M
GONNA BE REALLY
EMBARRASSED.

...SO
LEAD THE WAY,
CLARENCE!

I HAD A
NICE UNIFORM...
I WAS PART OF
A TEAM.

HEAD
IN THE GAME,
CLARENCE.
HEAD IN THE
GAME.

HEH.

I DUNNO.

MAYBE I WAS
DREAMING.



BUT BEFORE
HE DIED...

...WELL, BEFORE I
TOOK A BIG BITE
OUT OF HIM AND
TURNED HIM INTO
A ZOMBIE...

...CLARENCE HAD SAID
THAT THE OUTBREAK HAD
STARTED WITH EXPERIMENTS
WITH HEALING FACTORS.



HE HAD BEEN THERE...
AND MAYBE HE COULD
HELP ME FIND A CURE.

HE WASN'T THE BEST
TRAVELING COMPANION...
BUT HE WAS ALL I HAD.

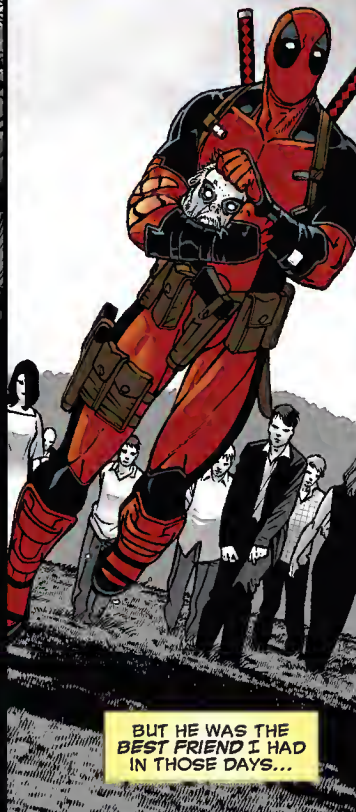


SOMETIMES HE
MUTTERED, "GO
SOUTH" OR
"TURN LEFT."

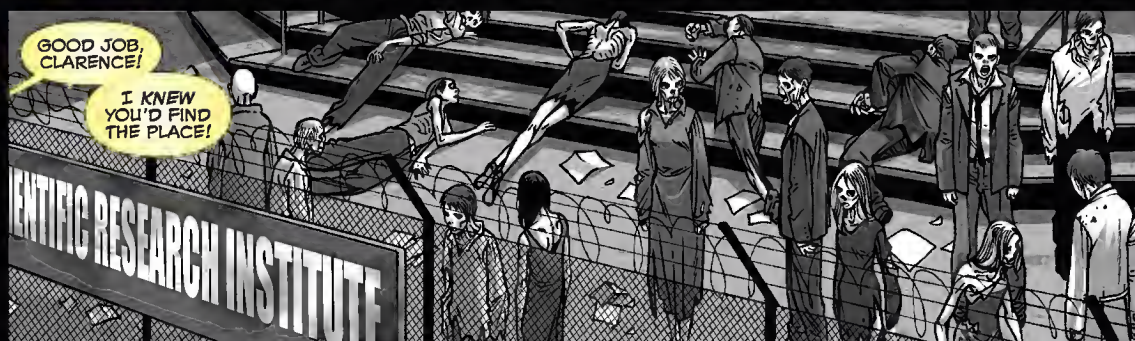
I LAUGHED FOR THIRTY
MINUTES STRAIGHT
WHEN HE TOLD ME
TO "HEAD WEST."

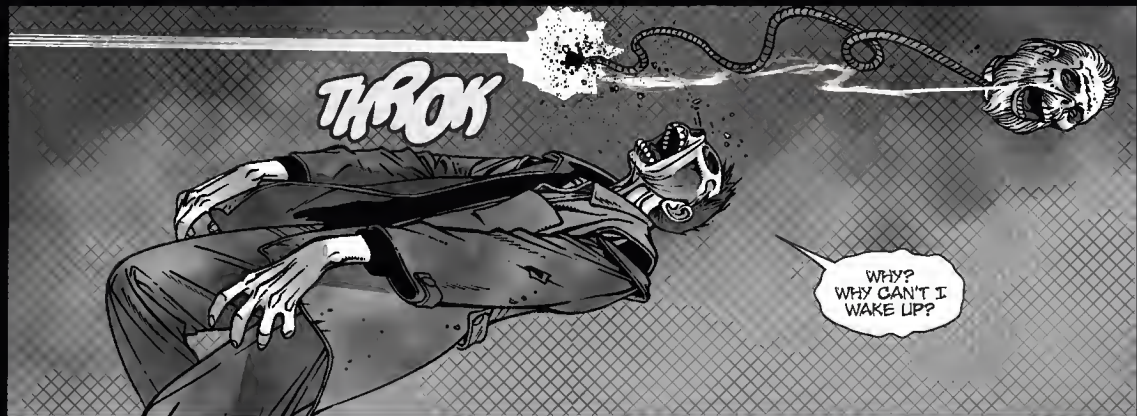
MAYBE HE WASN'T
TALKING.

MAYBE IT WAS ALL
JUST A FIGMENT OF
MY IMAGINATION.



BUT HE WAS THE
BEST FRIEND I HAD
IN THOSE DAYS...









I GUESS THAT'S WHY THEY CALL ME.

THEY CALL ME THE WORKING MAN.



C'MON, CLARENCE.

WE STILL GOT STUFF TO DO.

GRRGGLHH



THUMP

SO GET YOUR HEAD STRAIGHT.



AWW...

MAYBE ALL THAT GUNFIRE WASN'T SUCH A GOOD IDEA.



SEE?

IT'S TIMES
LIKE THESE I THINK
THE WORLD IS JUST
OUT TO SHOW ME
WHAT UNRELENTING
TERROR FEELS
LIKE.

THE JOKE'S
ON YOU,
WORLD.

I ALREADY
KNOW WHAT
UNRELENTING
TERROR FEELS
LIKE.

NOBODY GOES
TO ONE OF DUGGAN
AND POSEHN'S HOME-
GROWN CHORIZO-TASTING
PARTIES WITHOUT
FEELING THE "BURN"
OF TRUE FEAR.





SHOW
ME THE WAY,
CLARENCE!

YOU AND
YOUR MAD
SCIENTIST PALS
USED THIS FACILITY
TO COOK UP THE
ZOMBIE VIRUS.

NOW
YOU AND YOUR
BESTEST BUD
DEADPOOL ARE
GONNA BREW
A CURE!

HOW CAN
I BE CERTAIN
THAT ME AND A
BRAIN-JELLIED
ZOMBIE SUCH AS
YOURSELF CAN
DO THIS?

P'SHAW!

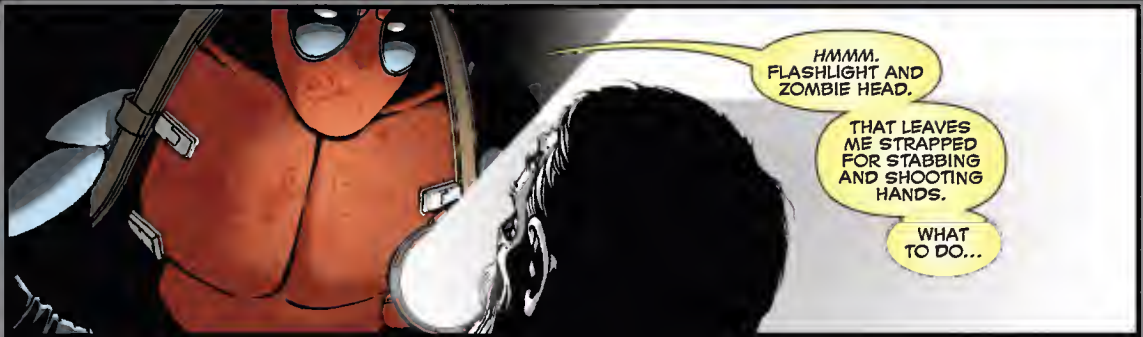
I'M DEADPOOL.
I FLY WITHOUT
THE SAFETY NET
OF KNOWING WHAT
THE HELL I'M
DOING!

I JUST NEED
YOU TO POINT
ME IN THE RIGHT
DIRECTION,
CLARENCE.

YOU CAN
DO THAT,
CAN'T YOU?

GRRNNUUU

I KNEW YA
COULD!



HMMM.
FLASHLIGHT AND
ZOMBIE HEAD.

THAT LEAVES
ME STRAPPED
FOR STABBING
AND SHOOTING
HANDS.

WHAT
TO DO...



GRGRRRL

AW,
QUITYERBELLYACHIN'!

THIS JUST
WORKS BEST
FOR EVERYONE
INVOLVED, AND YOU
CAN STILL BE A
GOOD LITTLE
GUIDE.



ONE GRUNT
FOR "GETTING
COLDER." TWO
FOR "GETTING
WARMER."

AND ONCE
WE GET TO THE
LAB, I'LL POP THE
FLASHLIGHT
OUT.

AND YOU CAN
WALK ME THROUGH
CHEMISTRY 101.



HRRRG!

THAT'S THE
SPIRIT!

UH...HOLD
ON...



THAT
WASN'T YOU,
WAS IT?

HHRRRR!
HRRRAAGH!

SOMEBODY...
TELL ME WHY THIS
IS HAPPENING.

...SORRY...
SO SORRY...



WHY,
GOD?

HRRRGG

I FEEL...SO
HUNGOVER.



PARTY
CRASHERS!

GET
TO GRUNTING,
CLARENCE!

TELL ME
WHERE--





OR...YOU
KNOW...

SHAMBLE!
SHAMBLE!

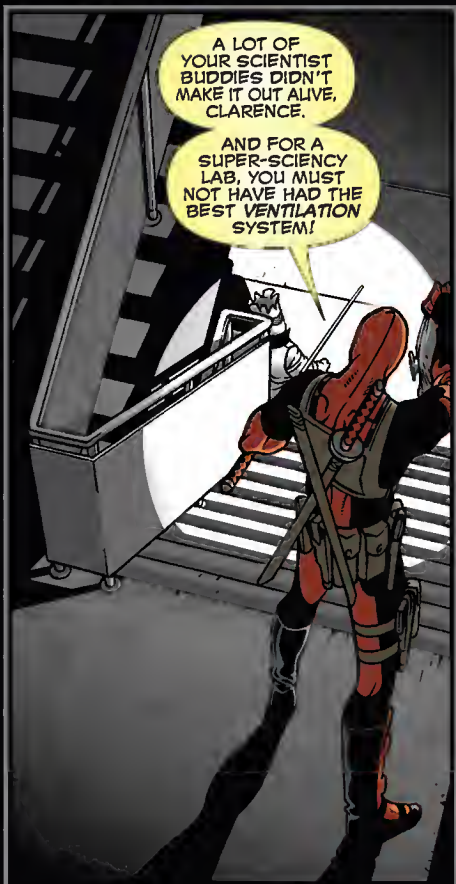
AS
CLIMSY AS
YOU CAN!



EITHER
WAY,
YOU
CAN'T CATCH
ME!



I'M
THE G#\$%#&%
GINGERBREAD
MAN!



A LOT OF
YOUR SCIENTIST
BUDDIES DIDN'T
MAKE IT OUT ALIVE,
CLARENCE.

AND FOR A
SUPER-SCIENCY
LAB, YOU MUST
NOT HAVE HAD THE
BEST VENTILATION
SYSTEM!



PE-EW!

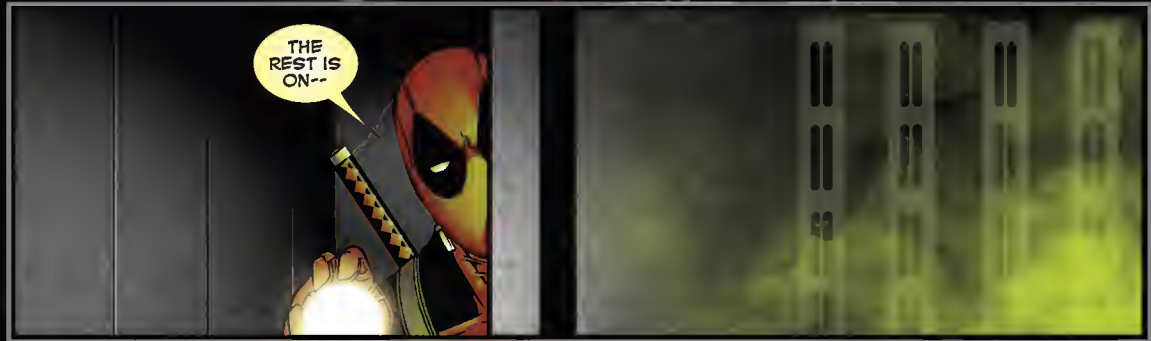
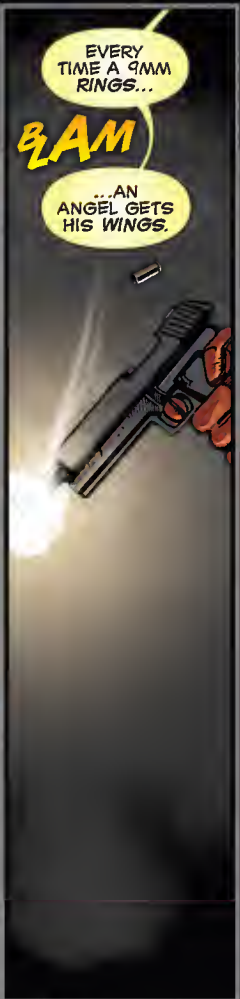
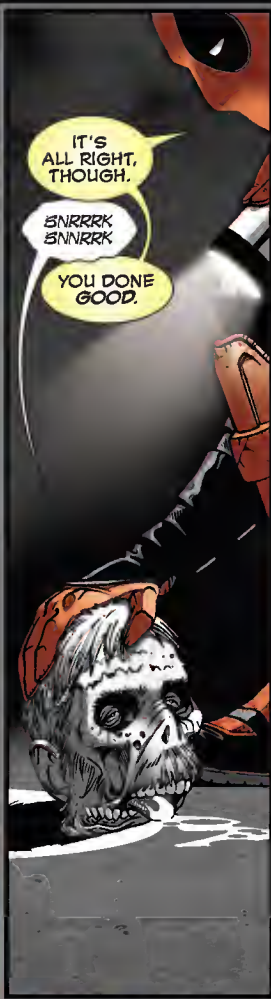
THERE'S NO
REGENERATING
THE MEMORY
OF THAT SMELL
AWAY!

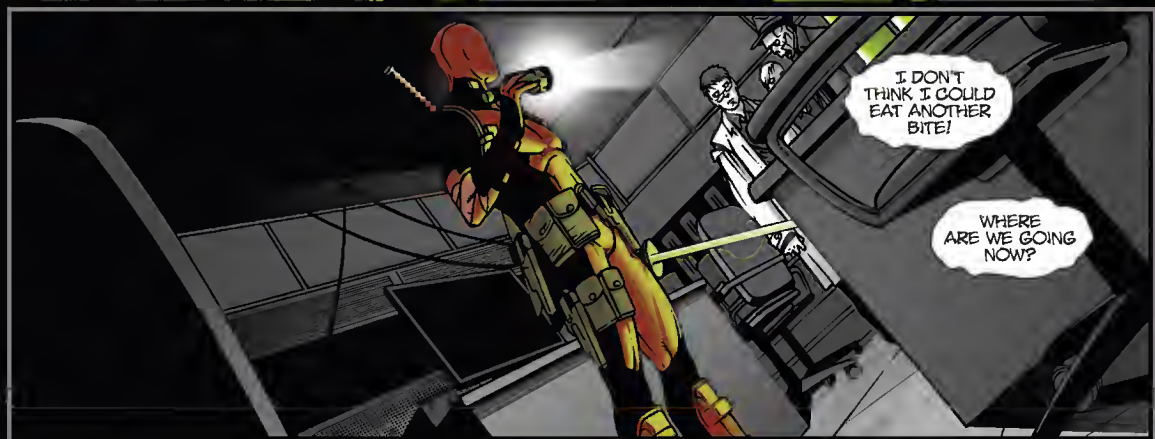
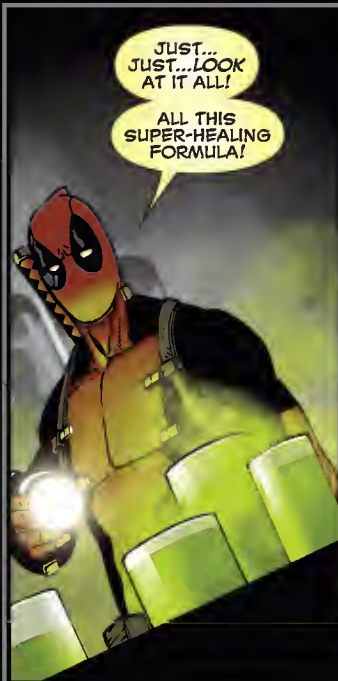


SNNRK
SNNRK

WHAT'S
THAT, CLARE-
BEAR?

ARE WE
GETTING--





SO...THEY WERE
RIGHT ON TOP
OF ME.

NO DEAD-HEAD
SCIENTISTS TO
HELP ME.

NO TIME TO HUNT AND
PECK MY WAY THROUGH
DEVELOPING A CURE
FOR THE ZOMBIE VIRUS.

THERE WERE NO
OTHER EXITS...NO
BRILLIANT ESCAPE
PLANS.

EXITS
AND ESCAPES.
BRILLIANCE.

NOT MY STYLE
ANYHOW.

ONLY ONE
THING LEFT TO
DO. AND THAT'S
SOMETHING--

--REALLY
STUPID!

NOT MUCH OF A
PLAN...REALLY...

...MORE LIKE
AN ACT OF
DESPERATION...

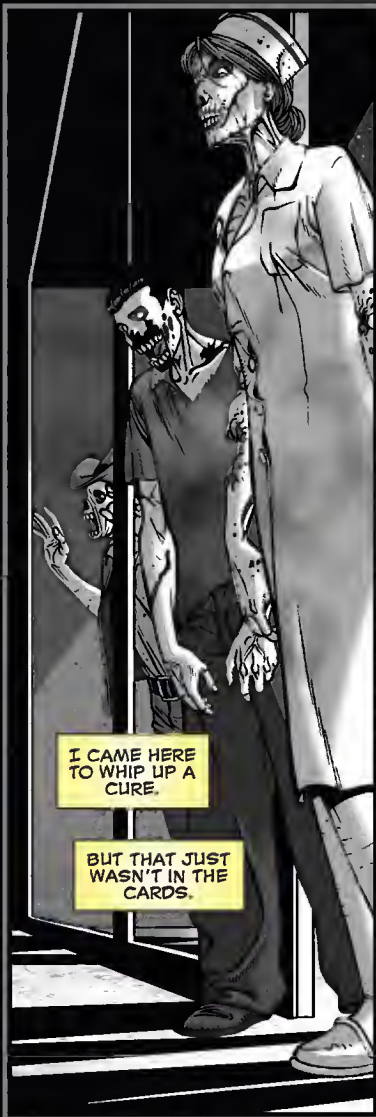
GIMOND

...PUMPING MYSELF FULL
OF DEADPOOL HEALING
FACTOR GO-GO JUICE...

ALL RIGHT
YOU SOULLESS
PUKES.

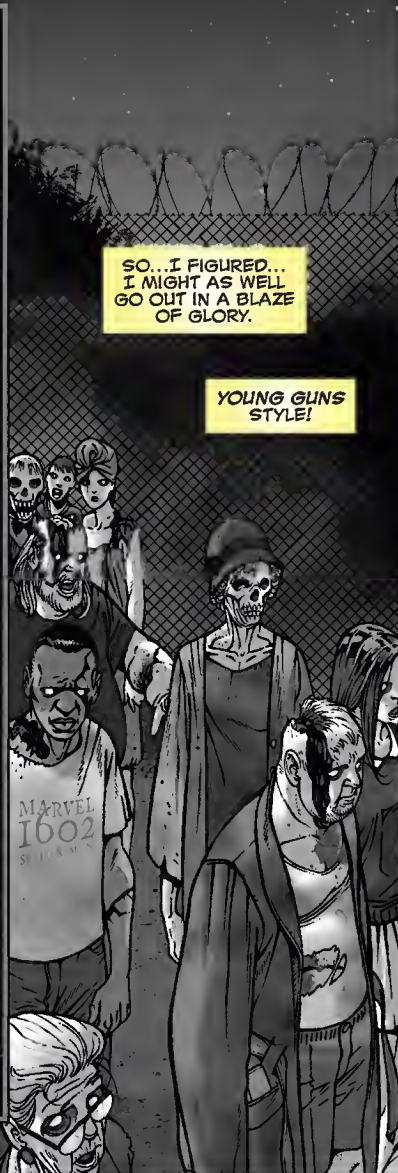
LET'S
CHA-CHA.

...HOPING IT KEEPS
ME FROM GOING ALL
CANNIBALISTIC.



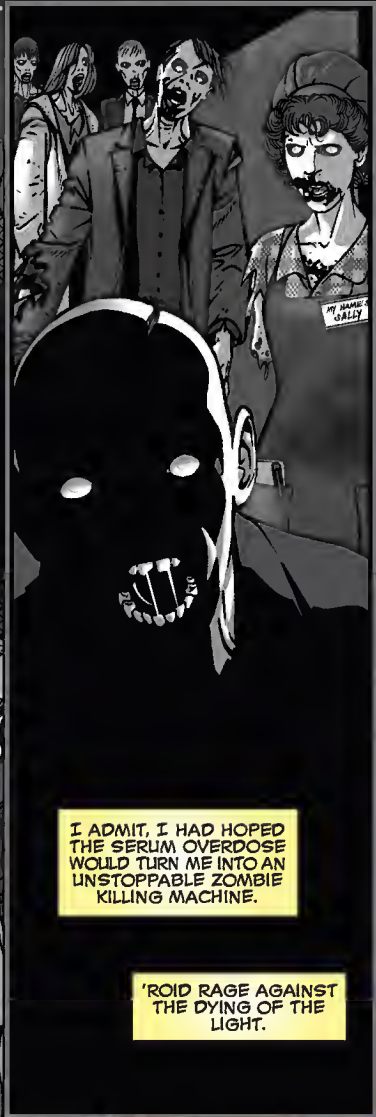
I CAME HERE
TO WHIP UP A
CURE.

BUT THAT JUST
WASN'T IN THE
CARDS.



SO...I FIGURED...
I MIGHT AS WELL
GO OUT IN A BLAZE
OF GLORY.

YOUNG GUNS
STYLE!



I ADMIT, I HAD HOPED
THE SERUM OVERDOSE
WOULD TURN ME INTO AN
UNSTOPPABLE ZOMBIE
KILLING MACHINE.

'ROID RAGE AGAINST
THE DYING OF THE
LIGHT.



YEAH.

THAT DIDN'T WORK
OUT THE WAY I
PLANNED, EITHER.



SO...
...WHAT?



YOU UNDEAD
ASS-HATS GONNA
WANDER AROUND
AIMLESSLY?

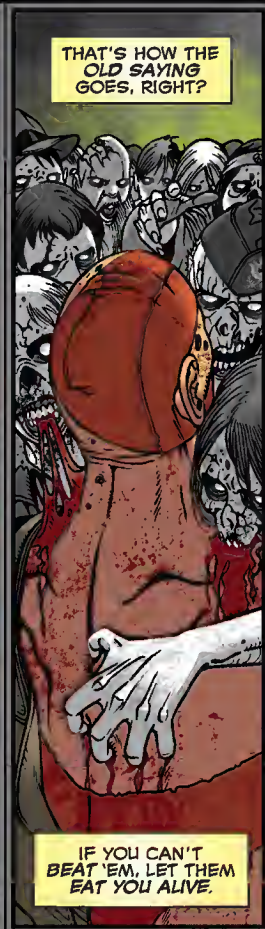
OR ARE
YOU GONNA
GET YOURSELVES
A TASTE OF THIS
MOUTH-WATERING
HUNK OF MAN?



STEP
ON UP.



THE BUFFET
IS OPEN FOR
BUSINESS.

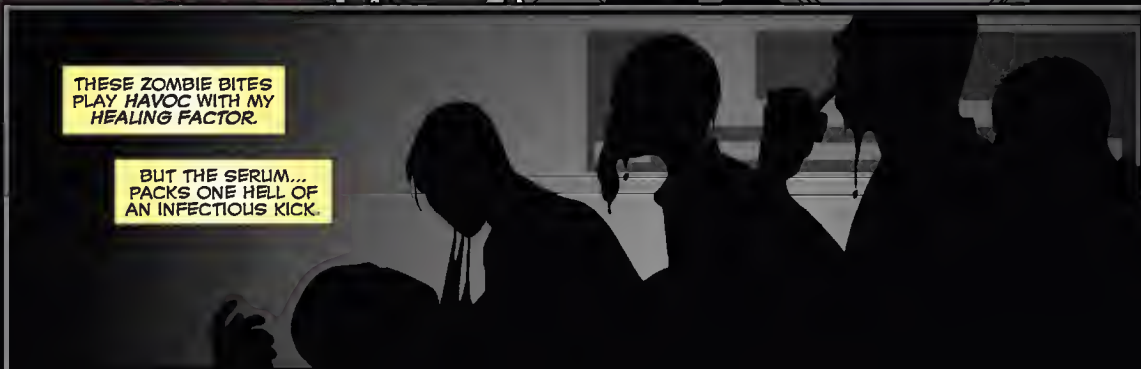


THAT'S HOW THE
OLD SAYING
GOES, RIGHT?

IF YOU CAN'T
BEAT 'EM, LET THEM
EAT YOU ALIVE.



ZOMBIES BITING DOWN
TO THE BONE, LAPPING
UP MARROW.



THESE ZOMBIE BITES
PLAY HAVOC WITH MY
HEALING FACTOR.

BUT THE SERUM...
PACKS ONE HELL OF
AN INFECTIOUS KICK.



WHICH I GUESS IS WHY
SOMETHING REALLY
UNEXPECTED HAPPENED.



ERR?

WELL THIS IS
DIFFERENT.



I'M...
I'M ME!

I'M
DEADPOOL!

NO, I'M
DEADPOOL!

YOU CAN'T BE
DEADPOOL! I'M
DEADPOOL!

ALTHOUGH
I PREFER TO BE
CALLED WADE.



IT'LL TAKE A
LITTLE GETTING
USED TO...

...THIS WHOLE
SENTIENT VIRUS
THING.



BUT TO THE
ZOMBIES, I WAS
DELICIOUS!

EACH AND
EVERY ONE
OF ME.

AND ONCE A DEAD-HEAD
TOOK A BITE... THAT INSATIABLE
HUNGER FOR HUMAN FLESH...
IT WAS JUST GONE...

INSTEAD OF HUNGER,
THERE WAS...

...MY HEALING
FACTOR...

...MY
CONSCIOUSNESS...

...INFECTING ZOMBIE
AFTER ZOMBIE...

...AN ARMY OF
DEADPOOLS GROWING
ONE BITE AT A TIME.

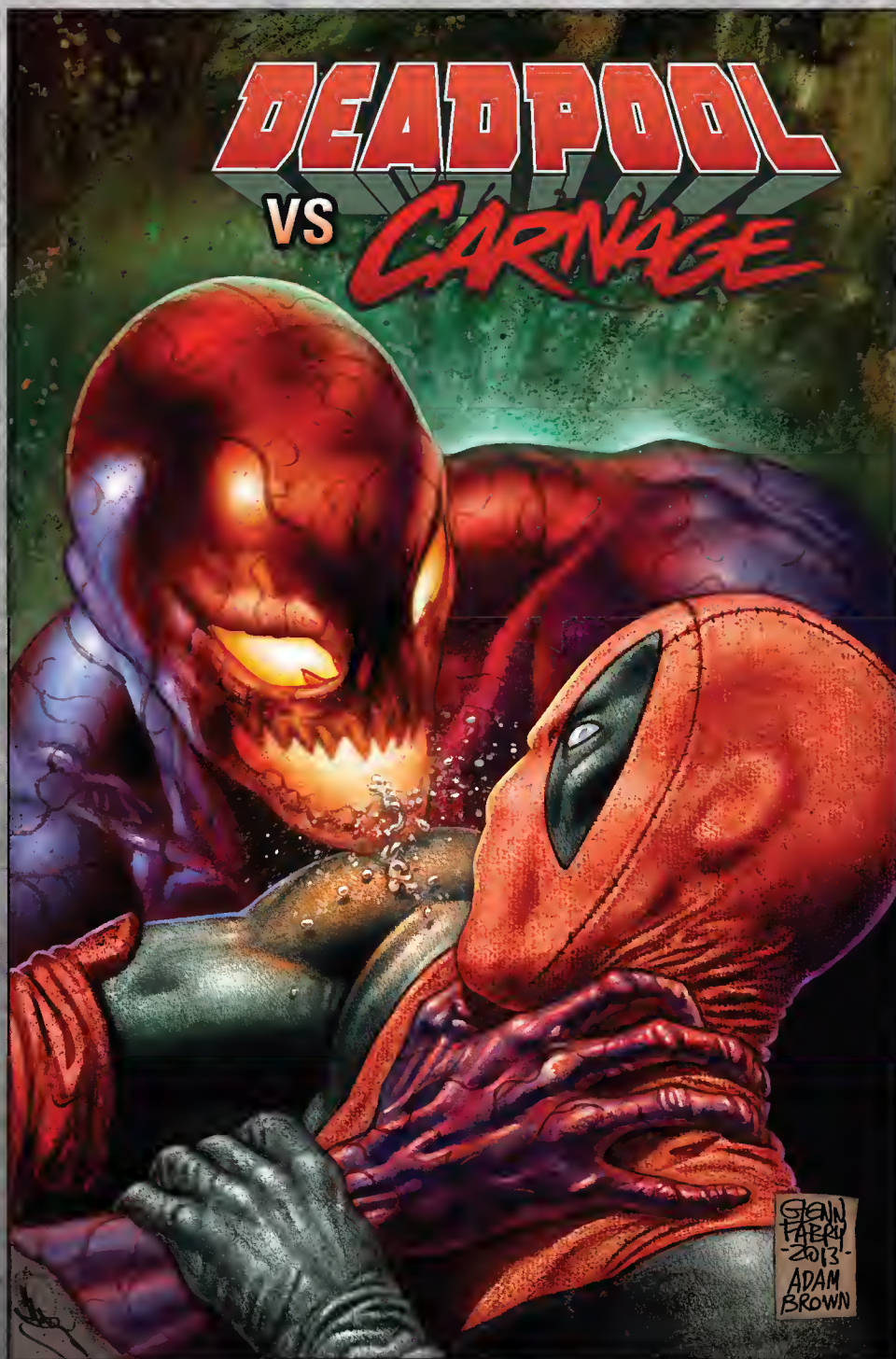
WHAT ONE SAW, WE ALL SAW.
WHEN ONE OF US HAD A DIRTY
THOUGHT, WE ALL GIGGLED.

AND AS AWARENESS SPREAD
FROM ONE UNDEAD BODY TO
THE NEXT, I COULD ONLY THINK
ONE, UNIFIED THOUGHT.

OMNIPOTENCE
WON'T BE ALL
THAT BAD.



NEXT ISSUE:





WOLFE

